



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1855

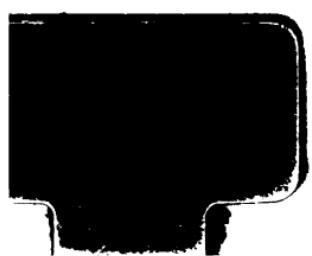
R

GRACE AND GLORY

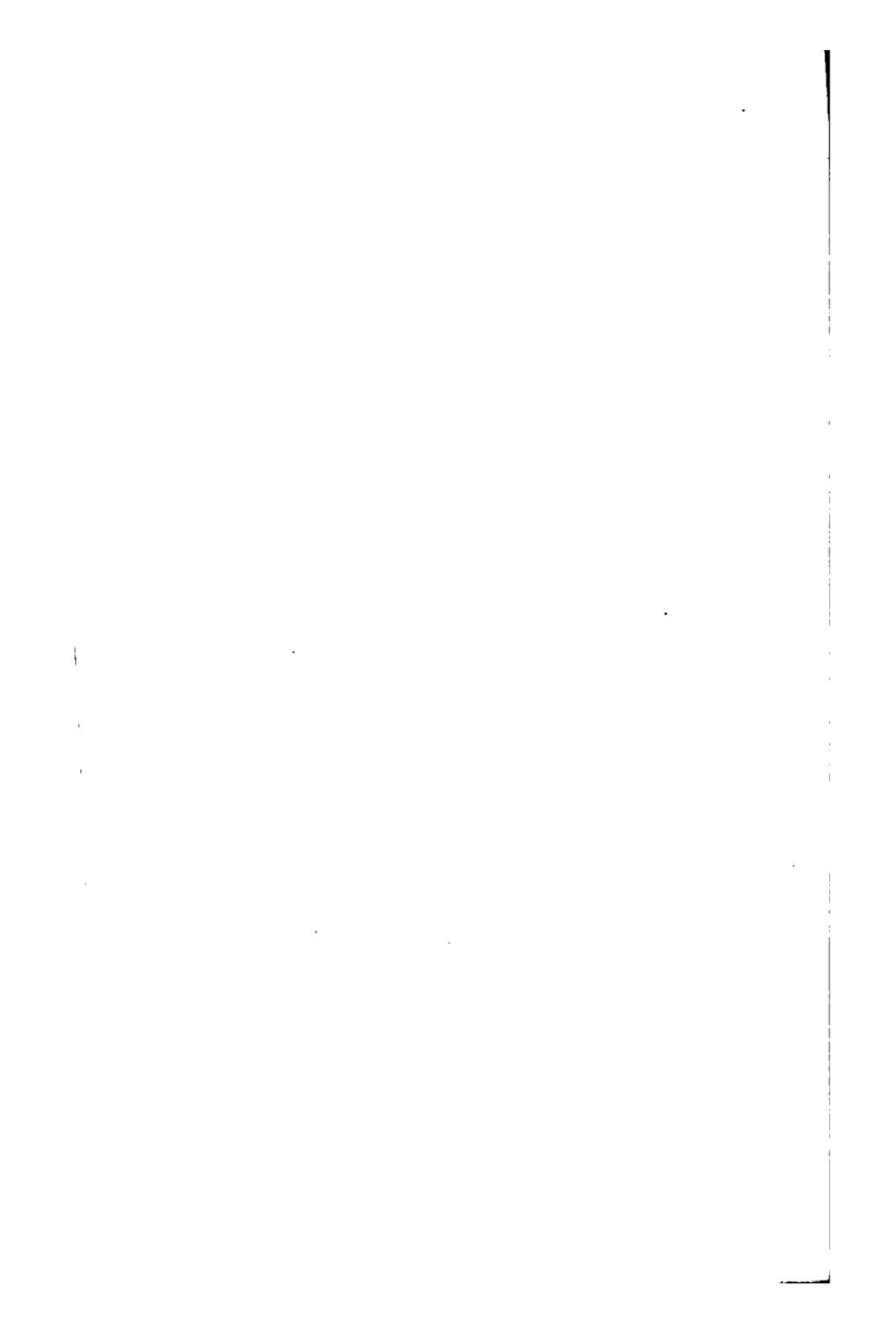
---

147. d.

I.







# GRACE AND GLORY

|||||

## DELINNEATED

IN

### A PILLAR OF THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

"The Lord will give Grace and Glory."—*Psalm lxxxiv. 11.*

"Him that overcometh will I make a Pillar in the Temple of my God."—*Rev. iii. 12.*

C. E. A

THE PROFITS (IF ANY) TO BE DEVOTED TO THE  
MISSIONARY CAUSE.

LONDON:

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY,  
54, FLEET STREET.

1855.

147. cl. 1.



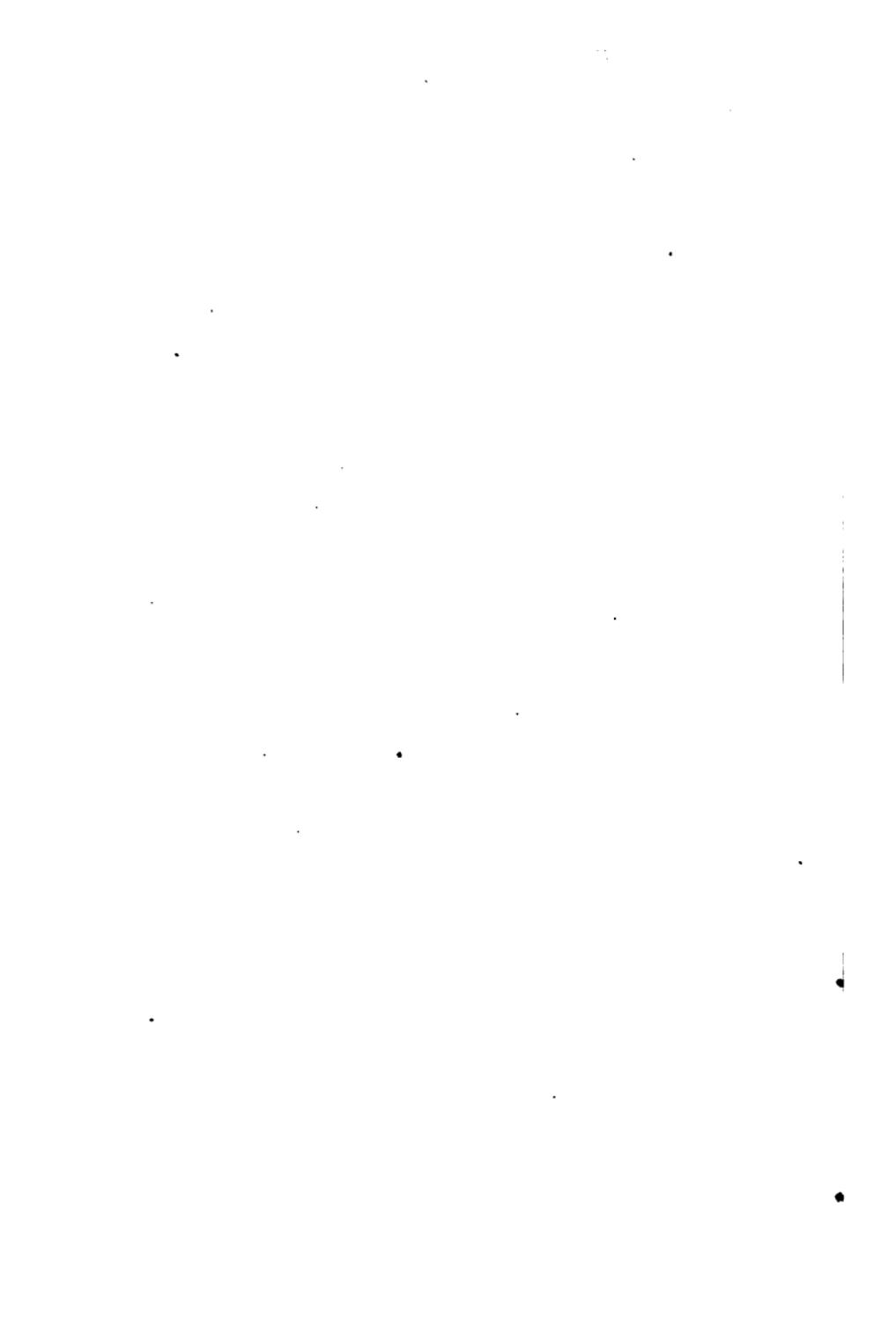
## P R E F A C E.

THE Writer of these few Poems indulges the hope that they will be acceptable to persons residing in the Metropolis, who may have participated in the benefit of Mr. STEWART's pastoral care while Minister of Percy Chapel; and that this feeble testimony will not be devoid of permanent interest to those who, like herself, have enjoyed the opportunity of renewing their intercourse with him in the retired village where he passed the evening of his days. Beyond this, she scarcely anticipates that their circulation will extend, except among her own immediate circle of kind Friends: and to them, she offers this preparatory effort, with the hope of publishing at some future time, a series of topics *better adapted for general distribution.*

C. E. A.

SIDMOUTH,

Dec. 1854.







LIMPSFIELD CHURCH.

## ON REVISITING LIMPSFIELD.

AFTER THE LAPSE OF SEVERAL YEARS.

BENEATH the gladd'ning rays of Gospel grace,  
How chang'd the face of things in this sweet place ;  
And now fulfill'd a long deferr'd desire,  
New charms invest this bank, this chime and spire ;  
The Pastor—friend of former years I greet  
In his sequester'd, undisturbed retreat ;  
Though years have interven'd—though chang'd his  
sphere,  
The features of the Soul the same appear ;  
The only change in him, a bright presage  
Of immortality, the crown of Age—  
The Messenger, the Message are the same,  
Fill'd with the odour of Immanuel's name ;  
Jehovah Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
Grace, grace the germ of Glory is his theme.  
That well-known heav'n directed hand and eye  
Seem ever lifted up for fresh supply ;  
'Tis living in an atmosphere of Prayer  
Which stills the eddies of all fruitless care ;

And if to sojourn near him be denied,  
 In spirit, one with him may I abide :  
 A blessing may I carry from this place,  
 Though but a weak partaker of that grace—  
 That “blessed hope which maketh not ashamed,”  
 Which he, both far and near, has e'er proclaim'd.  
 Oh blessed change ! within these well known walls,  
 Where ev'ry object vividly recalls  
 The Sabbaths of my childhood, now I hear  
 That voice which, in a more extended sphere  
 Was lifted up, immortal souls to win,  
 And to attract from subtle paths of sin :  
 Once more I listen to that mellow'd strain  
 Which, on the bed of languishing and pain,  
 My spirit sooth'd ; and while in fervent prayer  
 Participating in the conflict there,  
 He plac'd me e'en 'mong those whom Jesus lov'd ;  
 O how the Friend was in the Pastor prov'd !

The names and tablets on these walls relate  
 To persons once reputed wealthy, great ;  
 And witness to the ravages of time  
 'Mong those whom I remember in their prime :  
 What vacuum there ! But in the shadowy Past  
 All is not void—all undefin'd, o'ercast !  
 Dear sister, here we greeted at our side  
 Our Parent, whose lov'd silv'ry head espied,

What deep, what rare emotions were suppress'd,  
Yet glided silently from thy meek breast  
To mine—from mine to thee, as in this place,  
*Within this porch*, we flew to his embrace :  
A few brief hours, we seem'd at home again ;  
But ah ! how quickly such sweet visions wane,  
Until, mysteriously in after years,  
That which is past a present thing appears.  
Alas that sweet affinities of mind,  
Like tendrils thus inseparably twined  
In childhood, e'er should be dissever'd, torn  
In later years ; and leave the heart forlorn.  
Here, nature thou art weak : disruptions, strife  
Too oft stagnate the sympathies of Life,  
And banish Love, till, by the triple cord  
Of Covenant grace united in the Lord,  
The natural members, striking each its root  
In Him, their boughs are fill'd with richest fruit :  
And upright, guileless souls by faith shall live,  
“More grace”—Grace—Glory, freely He will give.

## STANZAS

On the Death of the Rev. JAMES HALDANE STEWART, Rector of Limpsfield, Surrey, who fell asleep in Jesus, early on Sabbath morning, October 22, 1854, in his 79th year.

## I.

Hail Slumber ! the portal  
 Through which he withdrew ;  
 Heav'n's Sabbath there dawning,  
 And glory in view ;  
 "Peace, joy in believing"  
 Their fragrance shed ;  
 Scarce waving a signal,  
 That sainted one fled ;  
 And in Jesus he sleeps.

## II.

With autumn's mild radiance  
 His countenance glowed ;  
 And from a pure fountain  
 Speech pleasantly flowed ;  
 Expanded and mellowed,  
 And breathing forth love,  
 He join'd the assembly  
 Of just ones above,  
 Amidst "praise to the Lamb."

## III.

“ The Chief of ten thousand,”  
 The joy of his soul,  
 Whom here in his sojourn  
 He loved to extol—  
 He worships, he praises ;  
 And nothing can dim  
 The heavenly glory  
 Reflected on him,  
 From “the Lamb that was slain.”

## IV.

On whom shall his mantle,  
 His unction, descend ?  
And where so harmonious  
 Shall opposites blend ?  
 By firmness—concession—  
 He rul’d in his sphere ;  
 And shone as the Pastor,  
 The wise Overseer :  
 For he followed the Lamb.

## V.

Were others for battle ?  
 On union intent,  
 The members of Jesus  
 He strove to cement :  
 Distrust and contention

He gently allayed ;  
 Whilst *self*, in the service,  
 Sought only the shade ;  
 For he follow'd the Lamb.

## VI.

With spirit unworldly,  
 By word and by deed,  
 He labour'd around him  
 To sow precious seed ;  
 He prov'd that the Church is  
 “ A Lily 'mong thorns ; ”  
 And e'er the rude desert,  
 By pureness adorns,  
 Whilst She follows the Lamb.

## VII.

With many, to England,  
 To Scotia, endear'd,  
 He widely has witness'd,  
 Was widely rever'd.  
 O waft ye the signal,\*  
 At home and abroad,  
 To draw the ranks closer,  
 As *one in the Lord* ;  
 And redeem'd by the Lamb.

\* The Annual Call to “ United Prayer for the Out-pouring of the Holy Spirit.”

## SACRED LAYS.

Originally suggested by the REV. J. H. STEWART'S last Invitation  
to United Prayer, at the commencement of the New Year.

## LAY I.—JANUARY, 1854.

'Neath stately dome, 'neath Village spire,  
With one consent, let all respond ;  
May prayer ascend in mingled choir,  
Cementing each endearing bond.

Spared to behold another year,  
Assembled still on praying ground ;  
Let joy be link'd with holy fear,  
Let thankfulness, with prayer, abound.

Around the Family altar kneel,  
And absent Friends in spirit meet ;  
The wants of all, the Nation's weal,  
Remember at the mercy-seat.

How large the promise is to those  
Who shall, in fervent prayer, agree ;  
Oh, for thine own—for others' woes,  
Come now, and pray "more earnestly."

Alas ! in troublous times we live,  
 And rumour is on rumour heard ;  
 In prayer, in supplication, strive ;  
 With holy, quenchless ardour, stirr'd.

For Africa, for India, pray ;  
 For China, where, the truth unfurl'd,  
 The gloom of night is chas'd away  
 O'er millions in that wak'ning world.

Remember blest Jerusalem,  
 Seek her prosperity and peace ;  
 She is Jehovah's "diadem,"  
 Though still, alas ! th' unmoisten'd fleece.

"Land of the morning !" Israel's home,  
 Though scattered, here and there a few,  
 Thy children 'midst the Nations roam ;  
 Their gathering shall be like the dew.

Oh Thou who e'er wilt own the sigh,  
 The first-fruits of the praying heart,  
 Forbid that our own fleece be dry,  
 And needful grace to each impart.

## LAY II.—JANUARY, 1855.

## I.

The Widow's and the Orphan's sigh  
 A burden on the spirit laid ;  
 A voice from Alma's height says, Cry—  
 When shall the wrath of man be stayed ?  
 Oh stirring call for fervent prayer  
 To Him who can that wrath restrain,  
 To cast on Him the Nation's care,  
 Assur'd none seek His face in vain.

## II.

Brethren, amidst this wasting strife,  
 Jehovah is our Sun and Shield ;  
 Our weapon is the Word of Life,  
 And Christendom the battle-field ;  
 The power of sympathy in prayer,  
 At home, abroad, Oh, who can tell !  
 United hearts, in confluence there,  
 The onward course of Truth impel.

## III.

Wrestling with God in solitude,  
 Each one's own vineyard duly kept—  
 Unction on all—each thus endued,

Shall ought communion, intercept ?  
 Our altar Christ—Oh, fan the flame,  
 O'erlooking forms, and shades of creed,  
 As brethren, meeting in His name,  
 Both for the Church and Nation plead.

## IV.

Erin shall blossom as the rose,  
 A harvest there is yet in store :  
 “The increase” God to prayer bestows  
 On Christendom, on Heathen shore :  
 Shall joy the Sower’s bosom fill,  
 And from the fleece shall dew be wrung,  
 Or on the arid ground distil!  
 ’*Midst prayer*, the bow for truth is strung.

## V.

A little while, and from the glass  
 The last sand drops ; and time is flown :  
 Man’s works shall wither like the grass ;—  
 Oh, to the Spirit have we sown ?  
 As those who are not of the night,  
 Let each stand girded at his post,  
 Arm’d with the Panoply of Light,  
 “ And praying in the Holy Ghost.”

## LAY III.

Contrast, or Sin reigning unto Death: and Grace reigning through righteousness unto Eternal Life by Jesus Christ our Lord.—  
Rom. v. 21.

## I.

Weeping “with them that weep,” unite  
 In lamentation o’er the Brave  
 Mow’d down on Alma’s rueful height,  
 Consign’d to war’s untimely grave:  
 Whence breaches which all minds appal,  
 Why rayless, desolate, many a hearth?  
 Ah! on the background of the Fall,  
 Behold the Great Destroyer’s path!

## II.

Mark ‘yond that waste of life, *sin’s reign*,  
 Thence Death his richest spoil has reap’d;  
 Thence sweeping pestilence our bane,  
 Before our eyes, its victims heap’d:  
 What omens of Satanic ire,  
 If we the year just fled review;  
 Explosions, wrecks, volcanic fire,  
 The “Arctic” sunk! what shocks we rue.

## III.

All hearts are chill’d—all ranks are awed;  
 Whilst moral ills, what words can paint?

Sin, death, its wages, stalk abroad  
 With front how daring, past restraint:  
 Brethren, to us, work is assign'd ;  
 More fully, let us realize  
 In intercourse of mind with mind,  
 That strength, *in prayerful union*, lies.

## iv.

As members knit by joints and bands,  
 In purpose, effort, aim agreed ;  
 Upholding weak and drooping hands,  
 Oh love in word—but more in deed :  
 Like him now enter'd into rest,  
 A man of peace, a man of prayer,  
 Who leaning on his Saviour's breast,  
 Breath'd forth the Spirit dwelling there.

## v.

Serenely bright, his sun went down,  
 And 'mong his village flock he sleeps ;  
 From precious seed there by him sown,  
 Sown, too afar, what joy he reaps !  
 He tells, as with his latest breath,  
 Of life and peace; and speaks, though dead:  
 Grace reigning there o'er Sin and Death,  
 Glory invests the hoary head.

*Prov. xvi. 31.*

## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Sweet is the fellowship of Saints,  
And much I love the House of Prayer ;  
For Zion's courts my spirit faints,  
Panting for stilly waters there.

Athirst and hunger'd, I deplore  
My absence from the House of Prayer ;  
But it would grieve my spirit more  
If formal, cold,—if *prayerless* there.

Oft Jesus passes by that way,  
For this I love the House of Prayer ;  
There He recovers souls that stray,  
And manifests the Shepherd's care.

Praise, strength, and beauty, are therein ;  
The Master's Glory lingers there ;  
And they the bliss of Heav'n begin  
Who reach the Mount in praise and prayer.

Oh "Pearl of Days!" when freely spread  
 His banquet in the House of Prayer,  
 I shar'd with friends the living Bread,  
 Assur'd that I was welcome there.

My kind, my earthly Pastor's voice  
 Would win me to the House of Prayer;  
 And they have made the better choice  
 Who find their souls' refreshment there.

To me, less gracious is the Lord?  
 He makes this room the House of Prayer;  
 I commune with Him in His Word—  
 I find Salvation's well is there.

Unlimited by time or place,  
 The desert was His House of Prayer;  
 And souls cemented by His grace,  
 In Jacob's tents, His blessing share.

Such privilege, O may I guard  
 With jealous eye—with godly care;  
 Lest, like a vessel that is marr'd,  
 I should disgrace the House of Prayer.

My armour may I always use—  
 ("Not slothful" in my House of Prayer),  
 Lest things once wrought I e'er should lose,  
 And Solitude become a snare.

The warrior hails his native shore,  
Depress'd with strife, and toil, and glare :  
And to my home, 'tis sweet to soar ;  
God is Himself the Temple there.

Oh when my heart and flesh shall fail,  
And I must quit this House of Prayer,  
What bliss to look "*within the veil*,"  
And find "*abundant entrance*" there.

“HINDER ME NOT.”

Gen. xxiv. 56.

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Hinder me not! look at yon setting Sun ;  
 The path I'm pursuing is rugged and steep ;  
 And having a kingdom, a treasure to keep,  
 Night hastens on, and my work is not done.

Through Mercy and Truth brought into the way—  
 The path which Apostles and Prophets have trod ;  
 Now beholding the Lamb ; at peace with my God,  
 What shall entangle or tempt me to stray ?

“Hinder me not” with traditions and forms ;  
 The love which blots out the thick cloud of my  
 sins ;  
 The grace which will perfect the work it begins—  
 This, like the Sun, our Theology warms.

Friendship, thou idol—Oh “Hinder me not ;”  
 Curtail not the season for thought and for prayer:  
 To the quick-sighted bird how vain is the snare,  
 How rapid its flight from the dangerous spot.

“ Innocent pleasures ! ” O “ Hinder me not ! ”  
 What doest thou here, beguil’d, negligent heart !  
 Arise and resume the brave warrior’s part ;  
 Indulg’d “ little sins ” will leave a foul spot.

“ Hinder me not ! ” In my lawful employ,  
 The design or pursuit congenial to taste,  
 I’d watch lest I e’er should my energies waste,  
 Diverted from objects which never can cloy.

Friends, “ Hinder me not ! ” but with me invoke  
 That grace which can mould and govern my  
 spirit ;  
 And ere I go hence, help me to exhibit  
 The work of God’s Hand—His own finishing  
 stroke.

“ Hinder me not ! ” Hark, a footstep I hear ;  
 My Lord will no longer His coming delay :  
 Though tarry the vision, arise, watch, and pray ;—  
 Midnight o’ertakes us ; the Bridegroom is near.

## A THOUGHT FOR THE SORROWFUL SPIRIT.

“ JESUS WEPT. ”

John xi. 35.

The Bow of heaven is dim before those tears,  
And silent awe pervades celestial spheres;  
Whilst Brotherhood stands forth in bold relief,  
The Deity irradiates that grief :  
He weeps—He who is Head and Lord of all—  
Before whom Angels and Archangels fall,  
And there participating in our woes,  
Messiah’s holy breast with friendship glows  
In all th’ effulgence, and the majesty  
Of godhead veil’d in weak humanity :  
Restrained—suppress’d until th’ appointed hour,  
Veil’d is Omniscience—hid is Sovereign Power.

He, who the widow’s only son could raise,  
Now deepest sisterly affection weighs ;  
He pleads, he speaks as others ne’er could speak,  
And leading us with them that weep to weep,  
What dignity, repose ! What hallow’d grief !  
How ev’ry word and look chides unbelief.

Mary, the loving Mary, Jesus calls ;  
 She hastens forth, and at his feet she falls :  
 She echoes Martha's words with many tears,  
 (For they were one in all their hopes and fears ;)  
 "Lord, *if thou* hadst been here," he "had not died ;"  
 Ah ! wherefore thus, their faith and patience tried ?  
 They mourn a brother, ever tender, kind,  
 And past endearments crowd upon the mind :  
 E'en from the Lord of life, the sinner's Friend,  
 Whose calm endurance must our thoughts transcend,  
 From Him escapes th' involuntary groan :  
 Then think not mourner that thou art alone,  
 When o'er the grave thy tears profusely flow,  
 For in yon scene He tastes this cup of woe.  
 But round that sorrowing band a halo gleams,  
 And 'neath the clouds break forth the healing beams  
 Which, in His actions, ever were diffused ;—  
 Himself the while more keenly smitten, bruis'd.  
 Behold how Jesus lov'd him ! There is rest ;  
 That portion ours, we are supremely blest.  
 In sorrow and temptation how He loves ;  
 Midst chast'ning chiefly loves, rebukes, reproves ;  
 His crown of joy, the souls for whom He wore  
 The crown of thorns, whose griefs He meekly bore,  
 He in His mission was consum'd with zeal ;  
 All elements controlling for their weal :  
 Diverting troubled streams of human love,  
 He knew how each occasion to improve,

And still, He hastens each aching void to fill,  
 Planting acquiescence in His will ;  
 Awak'ning in the torn susceptive heart  
 A fresh resolve to choose the better part ;  
 Or opening in the stunn'd and ice bound mind  
 A spring of joy to which it once was blind.  
 Mourner, a message has gone forth to thee—  
 In Jesus is salvation, sympathy :  
 He was in all points tempted for our sake,  
 The trembling bruised reed He ne'er will break ;  
 His blessing rests upon the contrite sigh,  
 And from the range of His omniscient eye  
 Is hid no grief, in kind or in degree :  
 In Heaven unfolded, lives His sympathy.  
 Behold how Jesus loves us ! *There* is balm  
 For ev'ry wound ; He speaks, and there's a calm :  
 What cloud shall pity, love like His, not chase ?  
 Behold Him ! He is full of truth and grace ;  
 The elder Brother—the unchanging Friend,  
 Who having lov'd His own, loves to the end.

He, who the gulf of separation cross'd  
 To seek and to restore that which was lost ;  
 The Fount—the Centre—Channel of relief,  
 Descended to those rayless depths of grief,  
 Where none could follow, and which none could  
 sound ;  
 And there, unsullied and unblemished found,

The Nazarite, pure, *faultless*, free from guile,  
 He stood unscath'd—the precious 'midst the vile.  
 Sin burden'd are we—do we groan within ?  
 He sees the struggle with resisted sin :  
 Because the world is cold, are we oppressed ?  
 That dreary feeling reach'd Immanuel's breast ;  
 The Brother, born to share adversity,  
 E'en there, is touch'd with our infirmity.  
 The "Man of sorrows" His own cross must bear,  
 But ev'ry thought of self was absent there :  
 Oh ! where are sympathizing words like those,  
 "Weep not for me"—wail rather your own woes ;  
 Yea, in the battle-field, He stood alone,  
 And whilst the Godhead, there, unclouded shone,  
 No shaft can wound, or put us to the test,  
 That was not buried first within His breast :  
 Th' outgoings of that overflowing love  
 Which brought Him 'midst us from the realms  
 above,  
 No selfishness like ours could intercept ;  
 He "groaned in Spirit"—He "was troubled"—  
 "Wept."

## “COME FORTH !”

John xi. 43.

Lost Eden, pain, bereavement do we rue?  
 Lo ! Resurrection-life bursts on our view :  
 The friend of Jesus shares the general doom ;  
 But in the precincts of the darksome tomb,  
 The self-same animating truth we hear,  
 Which reach'd the Apocalyptic, exil'd Seer ;  
 The words, “ I am alive for evermore ”  
 Are echoed wide, as through heav'n's open'd door ;  
 Our anchor ent'ring that within the veil,  
 Weeping is turn'd to joy ; peace, hope, prevail :  
 The Church in every age lives in her Head,  
 Her Lord, “ the first-begotten of the dead.”  
 Believing this, trace sorrow to its source,  
 Whilst flows the current with redoubled force,  
 In desolating wars, in pestilence, and wreck  
 Of hopes, calamities which none can check ;  
 Hast'ning the final destiny of all  
 The tribes and generations since the Fall.  
 Immediate strokes our narrow hearts bemoan ;  
*Sin's full desert* drew forth Messiah's groan :  
 Before Him rose the ruin of our race,  
 And all the crime and mis'ry which debase

The faculties, the affections, and the will,  
 (Untam'd, and like the tempest, none can still ;)  
 All He survey'd, the whole mass, dark, accurs'd,  
 Ere from his lips that solemn mandate burst,  
 Which, loos'ning there the fetters of the grave,  
 Proclaim'd afar His arm alone can save  
 The soul from death ; and there dispelling gloom  
 Like that pervading the impervious tomb,  
 Can ev'ry faculty inform and rear,  
 And mould it for a sinless atmosphere.

Hail mourner, then, the bright and morning star,  
 Which sheds a peace no present cross should mar.  
 To God thy Father, art thou reconcil'd ?  
 And grief art thou enduring as a child ?  
 Or lukewarm has thy love to Him become,  
 And chill'd by fear, art thou before him dumb ?  
 Then from this solemn scene ere thou depart,  
 May Jesu's voice arouse and melt thy heart !  
 And from the darkness pictured in the tomb,  
 "Come forth," for in His heart "there yet is  
 room."

Has death thy bosom idol from thee torn,  
 And o'er the grave, unsolac'd, dost thou mourn ?  
 In faithfulness, th' afflictive stroke is sent ;  
 "Remember whence thou 'rt fallen, and repent."  
 His gracious presence would those shades illume ;  
 Oh turn to Him who triumph'd o'er the tomb.

From God art thou, dear mourner, still estrang'd,  
 And o'er the world for comfort hast thou rang'd ?  
 Hark ! He, who weighs the spirit's matchless worth,  
 Now, from a death in sin, bids thee " Come forth :"  
 Before his eye the future is outspread—  
 The moment when His voice shall wake the dead ;  
 And the impenitent must hear a doom  
 More awful than decay within the tomb.  
 In flow'ry paths art thou forgetting God,  
 And wand'ring blindfold from the narrow road ?  
 Come from the wilderness, allur'd by love—  
 His pard'ning grace—His loving-kindness prove:  
 What Love ! " Come let us reason, saith the Lord ;"  
 Yet, wand'rer, mark the threat'nings of His word—  
 The soul that sinneth dies. Transgressor, pause ;  
 The penalty impos'd by human laws—  
 The yoke by man upon his fellow laid,  
 Appals the mind ; but hast thou ever weigh'd  
 Thy moral claims in God's unerring scale ;  
 Or is thy heart still cover'd with a veil ?  
 Eternal life—Salvation is of grace,  
 And mercy waits the outcast to embrace :  
 Thy days will like a fleeting shadow pass,  
 Oh come to Him while sand is in the glass :  
 'Tis Jesus says, " Come forth !" The call obey,  
 And cast thy refuges of lies away.

The shrouded corpse with garlands we may strew ;

But not one faculty can we renew ;  
 By dint of reasoning, with persuasive strain,  
 How many labour and are spent in vain :  
 The worldling to his treasure closer clings ;  
 \*The multitude are dead to heavenly things :  
 Who, agonizing, none but Christ would win ?  
 \*Tis thine blest Spirit, to convince of sin :  
 Chase thou the darkness brooding still around,  
 And bring the prisoners forth by Satan bound ;  
 The love of Jesus in the heart unfold,  
 Which now is barren, earthly, stubborn, cold ;  
 Awake, and put on strength, Arm of the Lord,  
 And wield the Conqueror's two-edg'd sword.  
 Wisdom lifts up her voice on ev'ry side ;  
 "Come forth," repeat the Spirit and the Bride :  
 "Wake thou that sleepest," Christ will give thee  
 light,  
 For He has chas'd sin's, sorrow's two-fold night.

The Lord sends down the fertilizing shower ;  
 THE WRIT—THE PREACHED WORD is cloth'd with  
 power ;  
 One 'midst the mass awakens and comes forth !  
 And angels chant the immortal spirit's worth :  
 The abodes of blessedness with joy resound  
 O'er yon offending child, once lost, now found.  
 Ye heralds of salvation, wise to win  
 Souls from the cruel tyranny of sin,

While fruitless seems the seed which ye have sown,  
 From shades of death comes forth, unseen, unknown,  
 Amidst the general mass, one here, one there,  
 Arous'd from negligence to thought and prayer :  
 To save *a single soul*—O blest employ !  
 When Christ appears, how bright your crown of joy !  
 Then how shall “grace and glory” too abound,  
 And anthems through the universe resound.

Oh ! solemn crisis. The great “harvest past,”  
 The graves are opened at the trumpet blast :  
 Our names are in the Book of Life engrav'd,  
 Or summer ended, and the soul unsav'd :  
 The whole world weigh'd, what were its favour  
 worth,  
 When from their sepulchres the dead “COME  
 FORTH ?”

